

TRANSCRIPT FOR PODCAST EPISODE 57: JUST DO LOVE

I'm Jill Baughan, and you're listening to the podcast called Find Joy...No Matter What.

This is Episode 57.

If you're in a tough place right now, your joy may seem like it's hiding--or gone.

I understand. But it's still there, I promise, just waiting to be resurrected. And this podcast is designed to help you do just that...no matter what else is going on in your life.

For just a few minutes each week, I'll tell you a story--one that just might inspire a way to uncover a piece of joy you might be looking for. Then, we'll consider how it might speak to your life, because even though you'll hear quite a few of my stories during our time together, I believe you'll find your own in every one of mine.

Finally, I'll offer a benediction to send you into your day--or into your night.

So. If you're up for doing joy shots with a friend today...have a listen.

If you're listening to this episode the day it drops, it's Monday--the day after Easter.

So how was your weekend?

Imagine asking Jesus or the disciples *that* question. How would they have answered?

I imagine them saying something like, "Our weekend? Our weekend? Hoo boy. Where do we start?" Right?

No ordinary one, for sure.

Friday was a day of grief and despair as death came and swallowed up their hope.

Saturday was a day of disillusionment. Confusion. Hiding. *The disciples had locked themselves away out of fear. Everything Jesus had taught, everything He had said or done — it all seemed like a distant memory now.*

Sunday, was a day of disbelief, then unimaginable celebration of life out of death.

But then came Monday.

Writer Pateeya Prasertvit said that *Something had happened in that locked room that radically transformed them from fearful, anxious men into witnesses that would not be silenced, would not be ashamed, would not stop sharing what Jesus had done — even at the cost of their own lives.*

The resurrection was everything for them now. The cross had been the death of everything they had hoped or believed was true. But it wasn't the final end. It was only the end of who they had been, and it was the beginning of who they truly were meant to be. When Jesus came back to life, they came alive.

Monday, for them, was where the proverbial rubber met the road.

And for us, too.

It's the day after Easter. So what do we do today?

*The temptation, says Patreeya, is to treat Easter like it's an ending. The eggs have all been found, Jesus is risen (*raised hands emoji*), we went to church, I can finally eat sugar/watch Netflix/go on social media again...and now it's back to "normal life."*

But nothing was normal after Jesus.

Easter was a revolution. It was the day after which nothing was the same ever again. When a man who claims to be God rises from the dead, "business as usual" isn't a thing...

If there was ever a time for significant life changes, it should be the Monday after [Easter].

Because Easter is a beginning, not an ending.

It's THE beginning, the fresh start all of our hearts long for...it's about the radical death, relentless love, and revolutionary power of our God.

The cross, the empty grave and the resurrected Jesus not only give us a reason to hope for change, they give us the power to change. Rather than us trying to change from our own efforts, the resurrection changes us.

So—with this power--what might you do with your Monday? and the days after?

Well, I have one idea.

Journalist Sarah Thebarger brought this to my attention, and I want to share it with you. She writes, *In John 1-12, the word "love" appears six times. In John 13-17, on the last night of Jesus' life, he uses the word "love" 31 times.*

We tend to pay close attention to dying peoples' last words—and Jesus' words are no exception. The fact that in his remaining hours, he repeated "love" over and over and over again should get our attention—and change how we live in the post-Easter world.

Jesus said that his followers would be people who revel in the truth that they are loved by God, and who are identified by the radical love they have for each other and the world.

Love. That's it.

It's that simple.

It's that hard.

But it's a start.

So on this Monday after Easter, let's start with radical love. What might that look like?

Speaker and author Bob Goff said this: *Love is never stationary. In the end, love doesn't just keep thinking about it or keep planning for it. Simply put: Love does.*

And what does love do?

Well, sometimes, love protects. Once, during a visit to New Orleans with friends a few years ago, we decided to get wild and crazy, and take an airboat swamp tour—riding on a flat boat with no sides that's powered by a gigantic fan in back.

We were told there would be gators. We were not disappointed.

The guide knew them by name, and they knew him by voice, so when the boat cruised through the gatorhood and stopped, one lovely reptile named Dominique paddled out to the boat looking for all the world like a Labrador retriever.

Sweet girl. Really, if an alligator *could* look cute, Dominique had it nailed.

She was, however, on the opposite side of the boat from me, and I was trying to get a good picture. So I got up to jump onto the good side, forgetting that my seat was on a little platform, and bam! I slam fell down. The people on the boat heard the thud, and said they waited half a dreaded second for the splash. Apparently, everyone was prepping to rescue me from the clap-happy jaws of Killer Dominique.

Seriously?

I fell *down onto the boat, not into the water*, and when I got up, Ben was resuscitating his own heart, shaking his head, wiping the sweat off his face, and saying, "GOLLY knows..."

The rest of the day he practically glued himself to me, never more than an inch away, never letting me out of his sight, saying that Jesus told him his mission in this life was to keep me from maiming myself.

And while that may have been a tad annoying at times, I knew he did it because he is a gifted caretaker and because, given his gifts and my propensity for calamity...it's what Love does.

Also...love lights up—intentionally-- when someone walks into a room.

Love bakes cookies

Love makes soup.

Love sends a text...something funny, something kind, just to check on you.

Sometimes love says “I will lose sleep over you,” or even “I will die for you.”

Other times it says, “I will let you butt ahead of me in traffic and I will smile instead of making the rude gesture that you probably deserve.”

Love gives someone a ride.

Love moves furniture.

Love offers to come over no matter what time it is.

Love gets up early.

Love stays up late.

Love forgives over and over and over out loud.

Love holds tight.

Love lets go when the time comes.

Love comes running.

Love listens without judgment.

Love tells the truth.

Love uses words.

And love knows when to shut up with the words already.

Love carries a bag of groceries, a suitcase, or any other load that might be too heavy for one person.

Love changes diapers on babies...and adults

Love holds the hand of someone who's dying; the hand of someone who's afraid; the hand of someone who is lonely, who really needs a friend right now; the hand of someone who is in despair.

Love holds a lot of hands.

And love—well, fortunately, it goes on and on and on...and it starts today.

And so, my friend,

May you know that Easter is a beginning, not an ending,

May you know all the revolutionary ways that the Resurrection changes you.

And may you take joy--and make joy--on the Monday after Easter...by doing love.

Thanks so much for joining me.

If you know people who need to experience at least this one way that Easter changes you, I invite you to share this podcast with them, and subscribe yourself on Apple Podcasts, or wherever you listen to podcasts. Or you can go to my website at jillbaughan.com, click on a podcast episode and sign up to receive episodes in your inbox. Just don't miss a single one, because I so look forward to being with you again soon.

Just do love, my friend, in big and little ways. And always, always also remember, if you go looking for joy, you'll most likely find it.

Till next time...

Notes:

Goff, Bob. *Love Does*. Nashville: Thomas Nelson Publishing, 2012.

Prasertvit, Pateeya. "Come Alive."

<https://pateeya.wordpress.com/2017/04/17/come-alive/>

Thebarga, Sarah. "On the Monday After Easter."

https://www.huffpost.com/entry/on-the-monday-after-easter_b_7010726